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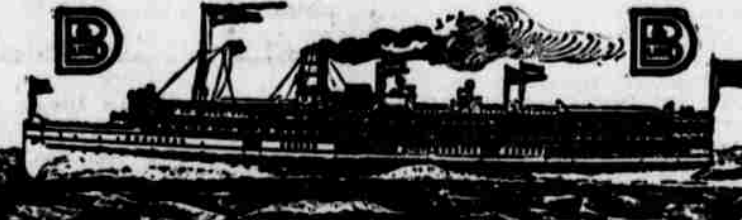
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PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

CAUSES OF INTERNATIONAL DISPUTES.

By Baron Takahira.



BARON TAKAHIRA.

A careful study of the international disputes establishes that they arise almost as much, if not more, from the internal conditions of the country affected as they do from the conduct of outside interests. It is a peculiar feature of such questions that where they occur there are almost always signs of disorder, retrogression or misgovernment.

In this respect political observation somewhat resembles meteorological observations. The rain comes down from where there are clouds. International disputes develop where there are undesirable conditions of life.

I do not, of course, mean to say that the less modern or the less organized States are in the wrong in all international questions. On the contrary, there are cases in which such countries deserve sincere sympathy; but it is an undeniable fact that the less modern or the less organized States present more frequently a cause of public anxiety on account of international disputes, and it may be reasonably questioned whether the unsettled condition they present, politically, economically or otherwise, does not frequently lead to such disputes.

MAN THE CREATURE OF ENVIRONMENT.

By Ada May Kroeber.



Even in the simplest, even in the simplest matters, but let a phenomenon recur or persist and its results are foreordained to ramify surprisingly and to wait unforeseen effects into unexpected places. Of this the everyday root of an everyday city supplies a case in point. Its influences on clothes and complexions and atmosphere and petty ease dwellers in city tents beyond the belt of anarchy. But if pursued by some of our Parisian psychologists and statisticians who revel in infinitesimal analyses and who delight in adding to numbers golden numbers, the results accruing from city smokefulness might acquire gigantic dimensions. There might be traced in the several members and organs of our bodies the disease bred by the grime, and there might be discovered a Chicago lung, a Pittsburgh skin, a St. Louis eye.

From an enforced and prolonged absence of beauty 'tis but a step to the loss of taste and the aesthetic sense. But here the psychologists take up the tale, averring, besides, that somber hues make a somber man. They rate all dark hues as depressing, deadening, enervating, the light and brilliant colors as energizing, vivifying, exalting. To the dark recent psychologists add the influence of

hatred, selfishness, suspicion, jealousy, greed, and their nearest of dreadful kin.

Those who live always amid sunshine and balmy breezes are readily crushed by the first outbreak of storm, whereas the sterner hearts, destined to rise only in face of difficulties dire and dangers, grow a rude, robust obstinacy and forcefulness that stand their success in good stead. So the Parisian may conclude that, albeit a sorry blight on our sunless cities, the smoke in divers times and places has blown us some small measure of good.

WOMAN'S DISCOVERY OF HERSELF.

By Rev. William Brewster.



One of the greatest discoveries of the past twenty-five years has been woman's discovery of herself. She has reached that stage where she knows she is not a doll, an angel or a slave, but a woman, and claiming her rights and privileges.

Once, to be born a girl was to be born a nonentity; in this age to be born a girl means a bundle of possibilities, with a power to influence the world for good or evil. Many young girls have gone into commercial life, and they have gained success through punctuality, being industrious and minding their own business. The woman who minds her own business is to be praised and respected. More girls go into society.

The trouble with our American mothers nowadays is that they try to fit their daughter only for her society entrance. It is all right to be a society woman, but it is better to be a woman in society. We are emphasizing the word society too much and the word woman too little.

COLLEGE STUDENTS WASTE TIME.

By Chancellor MacCrahen.



Four years of intelligent, faithful work in the average college gives a young man a decided advantage in the work of the professional school; four years of college, spent as the worst third of college students, especially in the largest colleges, prefer to spend them, is worse than wasted. Lord Bacon wanted students to allot their time, one-third to sleep, one-third to meals, recreation and prayer, and one-third to work.

Many college students, especially in the larger colleges, prefer to amend the third division. Their allotment would be read thus: One-third to sleep, one-third to meals, recreation and prayer, meaning college prayers, when required, but instead of the one-third for work, substitute one-third for athletics, college societies, college politics, with just enough attention to the demands of the faculty to keep the name of the student on the college roll.

BETTER THAN BERRIES.

Harriet Hosmer's Delight When She First Found Modeling Clay.

An old school friend of the late Harriet Hosmer, the sculptress, has recently related some interesting anecdotes of her childhood. Her first modeling, it appears, came about through a blueberry expedition. "Hattie," as she was always called, had gone to the berry pastures with her foster brother Alfred.

"They had tramped farther than usual, when all of a sudden Hattie stumbled upon a big clay bank. It was just as if she'd been looking for it all her life. Out went all the berries from her nearly full pail, and into the pail went big double handfuls of the soft clay."

"Then she fairly rushed home, sat down on the back doorstep, and there modeled her first figure, a representation of the little, shaggy yellow dog who was at that time her chiefest treasure. After that she never forgot the clay bank."

"Why, when she was at boarding school with the rest of us she made casts of all our hands, and they were beautiful. She did one of Mrs. Sedgwick's, I know—she was our head mistress—and I remember that Mrs. Sedgwick said it was 'truly exquisite,' and would it all over with the soft, smooth silver paper she used for her finest faces."

In a day when the athletic, outdoor girl was yet unknown, Harriet Hosmer, against all convention, at the imperative call of a free nature, rode, swam, paddled, hunted, fished, climbed, tramped, and studied nature—to the horror and dismay of the excellent housewives of her town.

"You should have seen her collections," said her old friend. "She had bugs and beetles, squirrels, rabbits and birds, and even an old fat woodchuck that she had shot and wounded herself. We girls could never see how she could do it—the things are so—so smelly—and unpleasant."

Even when her study of her art had taken her to Rome, among fellow artists and great folk who praised her and made much of her, she yet kept close to the clay and tools and glistening marbles of her studio. It was an old, dilapidated crow's-nest, the prize of a daring climb, reduced to decorous service as a darning basket.

Breads.

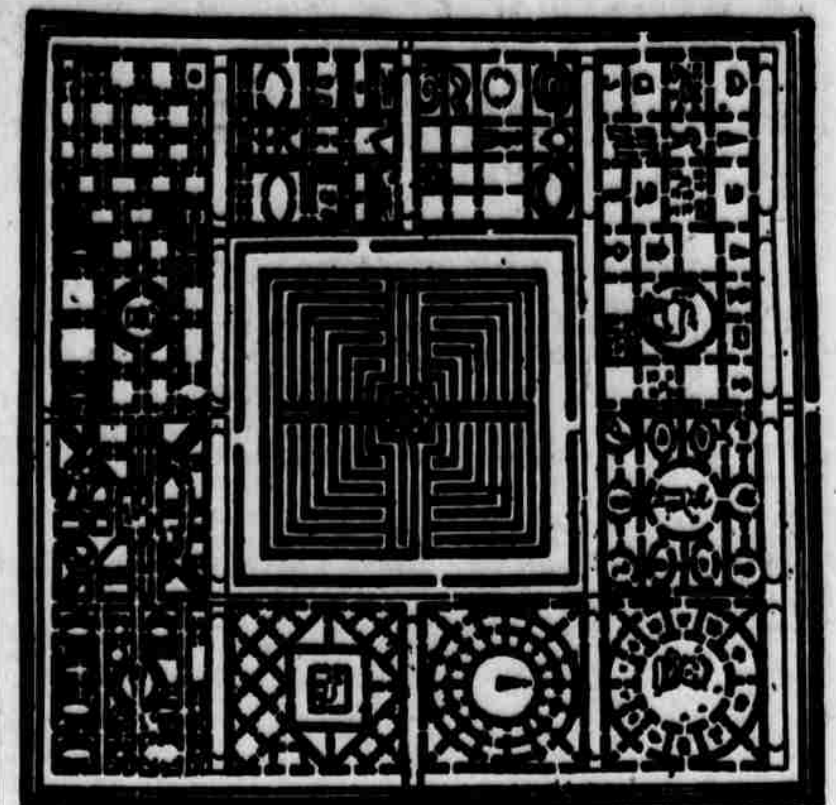
Apologies of breads, etymologists tell us the word comes from the rosaries which from time immemorial have been used to keep count of prayers, for "Biddan" is to pray in the old Anglo-Saxon tongue, and "breadman" is one employed to pray for others. "Breadman," to proclaim, is a kindred word and has its outcome in the "bidding prayer" of our universities, when pious founders are remembered to the edification of graceless undergraduates and in the "bidding" of an auction room, when one proclaims to what price one is willing to go. The tiny balls of wood or pearl or seeds or gems strung together for the purpose of counting prayers are used by Hindus, worshippers of Buddha, by Greeks, by Persians, by Roman Catholics. And from those prayer chaplets the word has passed to mean any pierced round ornament.—Modern Society.

A Literal Youth.

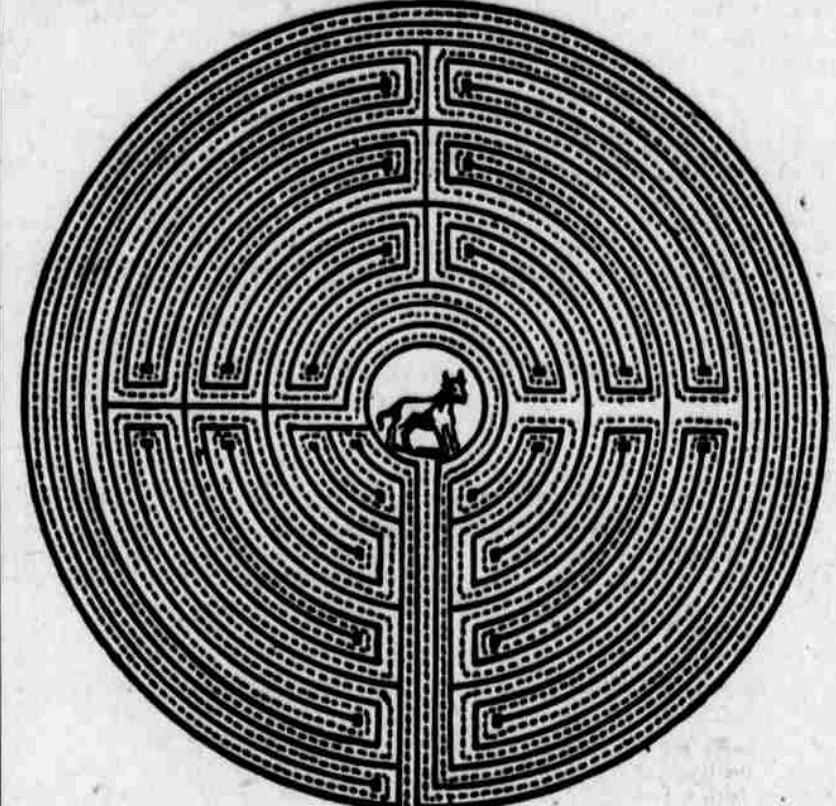
"Why, Johnny," said Mrs. Muggins, "what are you doing here? Is Willie's party over?"

"None," blubbered Johnny. "But the minute I got inside the house Willie's father told me to make myself at home, and I came."

TWO MOST WONDERFUL MAZES EVER BUILT.



The Top Illustration Shows the Moeris Labyrinth of Ancient Egypt, Built of Solid Marble and Containing 3,000 Buildings—No Key Is Furnished to This Intricate Labyrinth.



The Dotted Line Shown on the Famous Knossos Labyrinth, in Crete, Will Serve as a Key to the Maze.

The labyrinth or maze is a popular attraction at every exposition. Coney Island has several of them, all exceedingly simple in construction, but very difficult to find your way out of once you are fairly inside.

Coney Island's mazes, and even the more famous and ingenious ones at Hampton Court, at Versailles and Scheveningen, are mere toys compared with the two most famous labyrinths of ancient times, the plans of which are shown herewith. These are the Moeris labyrinth, in Egypt, and the Knossos labyrinth, in Crete.

The Moeris labyrinth was square and built entirely of marble. In it were 3,000 buildings arranged in groups of twelve places. The outer wall was decorated with lines of statues; within are the twelve groups of palaces and in the center are the gardens, the walks of which constitute a maze within a maze.

The Cretan labyrinth was formed by Daedalus for Minos as a prison for the minotaur to which twelve Athenian youths and maidens were offered every year. According to classical mythology, Theseus, coming to Crete with a band of victims, received the clue to

the labyrinth from Ariadne and killed the monster.

The dotted guiding line, shown in the plan of the Cretan labyrinth, furnishes a key to the minotaur's prison in the center. It will be noticed that every path in the maze has to be traversed before the center can be reached. Looking down on the plan of the maze this looks like a simple and methodical way to reach the center, but if the reader were penned in between the high walls of the maze and invited to try it again he would probably soon lose his bearings and get hopelessly lost.

No key is furnished to the solution of the Moeris labyrinth. Readers are invited to find it for themselves if they can. An entrance to the outer palaces will be found in the top. There are several short-cuts by which the center garden may be reached; it is not necessary to traverse the entire group of 3,000 buildings. To reach the center of the garden will prove almost as much a puzzle as the Cretan labyrinth. And having once reached the middle it will be just as hard, perhaps harder, to get out again than it was to find a way in.

A MEDICATED SOUP.

One often reads of the tremblings and anxieties which accompany the first dinner parties of the young wife and housekeeper. Gerald Gordon, in "Life in the Mofussil," gives a bit of experience which shows that a youthful bachelor makes his debut as an entertainer with similar feelings of trepidation. Feeling almost as nervous as a girl for the success of his initial social enterprise in India, he entered the dining room with his guests.

The table looked very well. In the center was a large citron melon, with the thick rind cut into ornamental shapes. The flowers were prettily arranged. When I viewed the dining room before the arrival of the guests I felt well contented.

The critical moment was when we sat down. I was prey to a hundred and one anxieties. These fears were not allayed by seeing my right-hand neighbor only making a show of eating his soup. Then I saw the colonel take one spoonful and order the servant to take it away. My own turn arriving, I found to my horror a strong flavor of castor oil in the concoction. On looking round the table, it was clear that everyone else had discovered it.

The consummation, standing by the sideboard, was totally unconscious that anything was wrong, and I had to tell him twice to remove the soup.

Later the horrible mystery was explained. It was the custom of the native cooks to strain soup through a cloth, and a clean one was provided every day for the purpose. In my establishment we burn castor oil in the lamps. The duty of straining the soup that day was given to a wretched under-cook, who took a cloth which had been used for cleaning the lamps.

This was trying, but everyone tried to make the best of matters. The dinner went smoothly after this, until dessert. Among the dishes was one of green gages, with a lot of fluffy cream on top. I felt rather proud of this delicacy. The colonel tasted it.

"Goodness! Olives!" he shouted. "Alas! it was too true. At the time I had given out a bottle of green gages I had also given one of the Spanish olives. Now, for the first time, I noticed the green gages lying innocently in a cut glass dish where the olives should have been."

This was too much for the guests' power of self-restraint, and they laughed loudly and long. It was the best way to get over it, but I did not soon hear the last of those olive tart.

CHECKING A BUNDLE.

The Way the Famed Man Saved Himself Labor and Trouble.

One day a man went into a very big store. He had a heavy package with him.

Not in the sense you mean, smarties, but in the real sense.

He had to go two blocks farther down the street and didn't want to carry the package. So he decided that he would leave it in the check room.

He asked a floorwalker who looked like a United States Senator, but who was a perfect gentleman, where the check room was. The floorwalker said: "Through the door at the end of the hall."

He went there, wherever that was, and found he had made a mistake. He knew it was himself who had made the mistake, for as nice a man as a floorwalker with a Prince Albert on couldn't have made a mistake.

Finally after he had lugged his bundle thirty-two blocks hunting the check room, had found the check room and deposited his bundle, he walked two blocks to the other place and was through for the day.

Then he soliloquized: "How should I ever have got through or stood the wear and tear of that long two blocks carrying that bundle? If it hadn't been for the check room system, what could I have done?"—Chicago News.

"I don't believe in that doctor." "Why?" "He didn't tell me everything I wanted to eat was bad for me!"—London Opinion.

Hardly any man is clever enough to know how important he isn't.